

Hate To Be A Bother

Joywave

I close my eyes and the dark calms me down
A little quiet refuge, that I have found

I think I'm over all the hyperbolic chambers that sucked me in
Now it's me and my old friend SportsCenter just living

I hate to be a bother, but could you leave me the fuck alone?
I've been meaning to call you sometime, if I could just pick up
my phone
And I've been trying so hard to get out of the haze
Pushing back the curtains almost every day
'Cause I've still got your number, I just can't pick up my phon
e

I took a break from the race, opting out
A trivial pursuit that doesn't need me now

I think I'm over all the hyperbolic chambers that sucked me in
I'm no longer accepting feedback from strangers, it's just too
grim

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Hey there. It's me. Don't leave a message after the beep

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